

The Cheerful Letter

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PACIFIC LUTHERAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE SPELL OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
A road full twelve months long;
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.
Flower and flake and cloud and sun
And the winds that riot and sigh
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true
And Christmas glows in the sky.

The holly and cedar and mistletoe,
They thrilled when the nights were chill;
For the maiden's glance and the madcap dance
And the lover's foot on the sill.
For Christmas mirth the brave pine grew,
Serene and straight and tall;
The deep wood knew in their dust and dew
When the dearest of days would fall.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,
To the home that is safe and sweet,
With its doors ajar for the beam of the Star,
And its corner for love's retreat.
There the mark on the wall for the golden head
Is higher a bit; for, lo!
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped
There's time for the bairn to grow.

Our Christmas comes with a royal grace;
(Forget the ancient grudge!)
'Tis the open hand that must bless the land;
(Uplift the toiling drudge!)
And who that has gifts shall hold them back,
And who that has cheer shall wait,
When there's joy in the sky, and the ill things fly,
And the Christ-child knocks at the gate?

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes
All up the street and down;
For hearts alight make faces bright
When Christmas comes to town.
Neighbor and friend in gladness meet,
And all are neighbors dear,
When the Christmas peace bids evil cease
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven
Wherever on earth they stray,
And heaven's own store of bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells, and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whate'er befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

It has always seemed to us that to give
the founder of Christianity the appellation
of Prince of Peace is singularly appropriate
and beautiful. That the spread of his re-
ligion thus far has not put an end to the
existence of wars upon the earth is, alas!
too true. Doubtless this consummation
will one day be reached, for the signs of the
times distinctly foreshow this, but the day is
not yet within measurable distance. Mean-
while, however, perturbations on the sur-
face of society do not affect the reign of
Christ as Prince of Peace in the hearts of his
true disciples. That reign began with his

advent into the world; it has never since ceased, and it will continue until the last chapter of human history upon earth has been enacted. The promise which he made to his followers for all time was that of peace within their own souls. The promise has been fulfilled. He did not promise any peace of a kind which the world—that is to say, things external to the soul—could either give or take away. He promised a peace like that with which he was himself blessed. "My peace I give unto you" (John xiv. 27).

In the realization of the peace of Christ in the hearts of those who live in perpetual communion with him, is evidence of the divineness of his religion which no philosophy or historical criticism can ever shake. The blessedness of faith in Christ is no mere illusory imagination; it is a matter of knowledge and experience: it is a reality of the believer's innermost life which is more precious to him than any amount of material possessions, and no intellectual doubt or changing modes of thought can touch it.

Nothing is more striking in the utterances of Jesus than the confidence with which he spoke of his power to meet fully the spiritual needs of mankind, his ability to quench their sacred thirsts. He declared himself to be the spiritual light of the world; this and other assertions of kindred character, which he made respecting his teachings and divine mission, are felt by those who are united to him in spirit to have been abundantly justified. Their experience tells them that he spake as no other man ever spake; they know that his words reach the profoundest depths of their inner being, and that he transfigures with a radiant glory their whole outlook upon the universe of God. In comparison with these incontrovertible facts within his own personal knowledge the Christian believer regards all questioning of the claims which Jesus made for himself as the divinely authorized teacher of religious truth, only as speculation and not worth serious heed. He has within himself the witness of the heavenly influence of Christ's words, and from this he infers their heavenly source.

It is one of the unique characteristics of Christianity that it has a quickening influence upon the intellectual as well as upon the spiritual faculties of man. It vitalizes his whole moral being. Hence we find that it is in Christian civilizations that science, literature, and art are to-day flourishing most vigorously. Outside Christendom one hears little or nothing of science, discovery, or invention. Contemporary writers who are estimating the achievements of the cen-

tury now drawing to a close, in naming the books which have most influenced its thoughts and activities, find that the only nations contributing to the list are Christian nations,—England, Germany, America, and France. Christian civilizations, be their blots or defects what they may, are progressive civilizations; all others are stationary, except so far as they are unable to resist the impact of forces from without. Surely it is a fact of immense significance that Christianity has become the adopted religion of the most enlightened and energetic peoples on the face of the globe. It may not be entitled to claim the credit of being the sole source of their moral supremacy and potency, other factors, doubtless, having contributed to produce that result; yet it must be acknowledged that the affinities existing between itself and the peoples foremost in intellectual and moral power constitute striking evidence of the uniqueness of its origin and character. Judged by its fruits, no religion bears the test so well.

What, then, is the true explanation of the energizing influence upon individual and national character which thus belongs pre-eminently to Christianity? It is because it is emphatically the religion of hope and of love. Nothing quickens and invigorates a man's whole moral nature like a great hope. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, which is the very essence of the teachings of Christ, nurtures and vivifies human hopes as no other doctrine ever did or ever can. The misfortune is that the doctrine should so long have been obscured to a great extent by erroneous and unscriptural dogmas preached in the name of Christianity, but which are really no part of it. Despite such teaching, however, the great central truth of the Divine Paternity has never been wholly lost since Christ proclaimed it; and, since the art of printing put the New Testament into the hands of the people, their reading of it has enabled them in large degree to rediscover the truth for themselves. In strong contrast to this glorious truth stands the Mohammedan doctrine of fatalism, which is obviously destructive of hope, and which causes the Moslem, when he is not engaged in war, to sink into indifference or torpor, begotten of the sense of helplessness. Herein we have an explanation of the standstill character of Mohammedan civilization.

We have said that Christianity is a religion of love. At the Christmas season we realize this fact with unusual vividness. Knowledge of the love of the heavenly Father begets love in the hearts of his human family. It begets also that spirit of optimism which

so largely pervades Christian modes of thought. Yet mark this: Christian optimism produces nothing whatever resembling the deadening effects of fatalism. Why? Because conjoined with its optimism is, as we have just said, the spirit of love; and love, so far from ever allowing the soul to sink into indifference and torpor, calls forth all its latent powers, and exercises them in self-sacrificing deeds of goodness and mercy. It is, in short, remarkably illustrative of the diverse moral potency of Christianity, that, whilst it fosters an unwavering faith that all things are working together for good, it simultaneously calls forth a practical philanthropy which never faileth.

Because we are blest with a religion of hope and love, it well becomes us, in celebrating the nativity of its founder, to raise on high songs of thanksgiving, joy, and adoration of the living God.

"Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name."

—*The Christian Life.*

THE STILL HOUR.

In the lonely midnight, on the wintry hill,
Shepherds heard the angels singing "Peace,
good-will."

Listen, O ye weary, to the angels' song;
Unto you the tidings of great joy belong.

Though in David's city angels sing no more,
Love makes angel music on earth's darkest
shore;

Though no heavenly glory meet your wonder-
ing eyes,

Love can make your dwelling bright as par-
adise.

Though the child of Mary, sent from heaven
on high,

In his manger-cradle can no longer lie,
Love is King forever, though the proud
world scorn;

If ye truly seek him, Christ your King is
born.

—*Theodore C. Williams.*

CHRISTMAS REVERIES.

It is Christmas Eve. Heap high the logs
and send the bright flames crackling up the
chimney.

Let the warmth of fireside cheer melt the

icy fetters that hold fond memories unwilling
captives.

Let us for one night dispel dark shadows
and fan into new life the dying embers of
past endeavor, and amid the chiming and
tinkling of joyous bells we can hope and pray
that not one jangling note of discord may
disturb the happy dreams of the children or
shatter the towering castles of fancy, as
Santa Claus speeds on his way.

Outside, the bleak wintry winds may
strive to drown the melody of the silvery
music; but around our hearth-stones let us
tinge with reality those elusive fairy dreams
of other days, that may have faded only to
reappear like Christmas stars among the
banks of fleecy clouds.

Across the fields of ice and snow, as Time
hurries us along the highway of life, we may
look back to Christmas days long gone, when
we seemed to pause a moment amid the
hurry and the rush.

Across the snow the music of sweet vesper
bells may grow fainter, until even their
chiming will fail to cheer us, unless we learn
to see and read on the happy faces of the
children a story of joy and gladness but
faintly echoed by the bells.

Thus over the broad land may thousands
upon thousands of cheerful hearth-fires re-
flect the happiness of youthful hearts, and
dark clouds will roll away, disclosing to our
view the radiance and the beauty of celestial
cities, where the angels of Christmas yet to
come will strike their golden harps in happy
unison, while they chant the glad refrain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

As, seated by the fireside, the flames roar
up the chimney, or as we listen to the soft
tones of girlhood's laughter, let harsh words
remain unspoken, even if the boys' voices
are tuned in a wilder harmony, or strike a
few false notes in a carol born of Christmas
anticipation. And thus while joy and inno-
cence commingle, by gifts, kind words, and
smiles of gladness we may change the fairy
visions of the children's dreaming into a
joyous reality, as around the Christmas-
tree we gather, while Santa Claus, unmasked,
forgets to climb the chimney or journey
through the key-hole on his flight to the
reindeer sleigh.

Thus may old folk enter the realms of
childhood's dreamland, and hope to win
kind benedictions from the Giver of every
good and perfect gift. So let us keep brightly
burning in the shadowy halls of memory a
lamp that shall light us onward to the crystal
shore, where the silvery ripple of childhood's
laughter will welcome us on a never-ending
Christmas morn.—*W. A. B., in The Unitarian.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Brighton Branch offers the following books. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass., Boulevard Station:—

Poetry.

"The Legend of Jubal," "The Spanish Gypsy," George Eliot; "Among the Hills," John Greenleaf Whittier; "Poetical Works," Fitz-Greene Halleck; "Poems," Mrs. Katharine A. Ware; "American Poems with Sketches and Notes"; "King Lear," Shakespeare; "Grandma's Attic Treasures," Mary D. Brine; "Wild Flowers," Eugene Field.

School-books.

"German Primer," "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" a Pocket Manual; Woodbury's "Shorter Course with German"; "French Testament"; "Popular Science," French Prose; "The French Language," Louis Fausquelle; "French Fables, Tales, etc.," Key to Dr. Emil Otto's "French Conversation and Grammar"; "Greek Reader," C. C. Felton; "First Lessons in Greek"; "Laboratory Manual of Organic Chemistry"; "Plane Trigonometry," Wells; "Concise History of the United States," Campbell; "Primary History of the United States," Lossing; Harvey's "English Grammar"; "Elementary Lessons in English," Whitney and Knox; "Elements of Grammar," Patterson; "Independent Fourth Reader"; "Independent Fifth Reader"; "New Franklin Fifth Reader"; Hillard's "Sixth Reader"; "Dictionary of Quotations from Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages."

Fiction.

"Our Lady of the Green: Ladies' Golf"; "That Mainwaring Affair," A. M. Barbour; "The Rôle of the Unconquered," T. Dalton; "The Giant's Strength," Basil King; "Stories by American Authors"; "Dr. Nikola's Experiment," G. Boothby; "Within the Capes," Howard Pyle.

Miscellaneous.

Emerson on "Compensation"; "A Little Pilgrim"; "After Dinner Stories," John

Harrison; "Memoirs of Madame Desbordes-Valmore"; "Correspondence of William Ellery Channing and Lucy Aikin"; "Campaigning with Banks and Sheridan"; "Human Intercourse," Philip G. Hamerton; "A Year of Miracle," W. C. Gannett; *The Outlook*, July, 1911 to July, 1912; *The Living Age*, six months of 1911; *The Cosmopolitan*, nine months, beginning November 1911.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Galacio M. Juarez, Falisay, Philippine Islands, Oce. Neg., will be very glad and grateful for magazines.

2. I have changed my address for a few months to go to school. My address was Sandiges, Virginia. It is now Amherst, Virginia. This is the first time I have written to the *Cheerful Letter* for any reading matter. I should be very glad to get *The Youth's Companion* for 1912 and 1913. Also some of the following books: "Darkness and Daylight," Mary J. Holmes; "Cruel as the Grave," Mrs. E. D. Southworth; and "The Wide, Wide World." I send as my reference: Rev. H. V. Shenton, Sandiges, Virginia. Address Miss Corrie Stinnett, R. F. D. 2, Amherst, Virginia, care of Mrs. Paul B. Rucker.

3. May I again ask for some good books to help pass the long, lonely hours? I enjoy a good story. I should be so glad of *The Pictorial Review* or *The Woman's Home Companion*. Mrs. M. Worden Bates, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

4. I should be so grateful to any of my *Cheerful Letter* friends for any good books for myself and boys and girls; especially "Eight Cousins" by Louisa Alcott. Mrs. A. D. Thomas, R. 1, Box 60, Jackson's Gap, Alabama.

5. As Christmas will soon be here, I come again to ask you all to help me with the Christmas-tree that I have every year for the poor children and old people of my neighborhood. We all are poor, and anything that you can send us that will make our Christmas brighter will be appreciated. We all live on farms and have so little to cheer us that books, cards, pictures, magazines, illustrated papers, or anything that will please children and old people will be

gladly received. I will mention some books. I should especially like to have for my little band: "Little Women"; "Little Men"; "Jo's Boys"; and "The Wide, Wide World." Now the books and other things need not be new. Some of you may have old things that you no longer care for. If so, we should appreciate them. Please help me to give the poor little ones a good time Christmas. Many thanks for your kindness in the past. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia.

6. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, a constant sufferer, whose life is a very sad one, helpless and confined to bed, and very poor, asks to be remembered through the holidays with books, letters, cards, or any little gift.

7. Mrs. Addie Steele, Long Island, Kansas, asks for a dictionary and any standard works.

8. I am a teacher in the rural public schools of Virginia, and should appreciate having the Cheerful Letter Book Club send me current literature for myself and pupils, who are aged from eight to twenty years. I am endeavoring to inculcate in them a taste for reading and literature. I should be glad of books, magazines, or any good reading matter that is instructive, elevating, or entertaining. For reference I give my pastor, Rev. William McCorkle, of the Anderson Memorial Church, Martinsville, Virginia. I enjoy reading *Harper's Bazar* and other publications, and should be glad of a copy of "The Mistress of Shenstone"; but should be just as glad of any others. Miss Sue Hardie, Henry, R. F. D., R. No. 2, Franklin County, Virginia.

9. Mrs. H. M. Gillis, Stovall, North Carolina, asks for "Lavender and Old Lace," "The Missing Bride," and the sequel to "Bad Hugh."

10. I wish to thank the members of the *Cheerful Letter* for the kindness they have shown me during the past year in sending so many cheerful greetings and tokens of remembrance in the way of books and magazines. It has been nearly twelve months now since I sent in my request for reading matter, to which the members of this club have responded most generously. I have tried to write and thank those who sent books and magazines, but on many occasions there would be no address, and I could not do so. I want them to know that what they sent was appreciated, and am taking this way of telling them. I hope all who

sent reading matter will see this in the columns of the *Cheerful Letter*. Some one was so kind as to give me a year's subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, beginning last January, and I have enjoyed this magazine more than I can say. A young lady in Concord, New Hampshire, sent me twelve numbers of *Harper's Magazine* for 1911. I would have written to her personally, but have lost her address. I enjoyed these magazines and appreciated them very much indeed. I shall always love this little band of workers for the cheer they have sent into my home. Miriam R. Beal, Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. Alice Peirce, North Elm Street, Weatherford, Texas, will appreciate any reading matter that may be sent her.

12. Many events have happened since the *Cheerful Letter* first greeted us twenty-one years ago. My children were babies, sitting on the floor, playing with their dolls, unconscious of the world of grown-ups. They were enjoying their freedom from care. When the school days commenced, then began the worry about to-morrow's lessons. In time they became high-school girls. Later on they became brides, but not free from care. One is a mother, rocking her babe to rest, but visions will arise of disease that may strike her dearest. Always as one grows, there are new responsibilities, new tastes; so on through life. The *Cheerful Letter* has always inspired hope. We could always see a light ahead, after reading each copy carefully. There is no word I could use in the human vocabulary that could express my gratitude for the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. M. E. Oades, 590 East 18th Street, Portland, Oregon.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. C. B. Merritt, formerly of Haverhill, is now at Methuen, Mass., R. F. D.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

READING, GOOD AND BAD.

Although the *Companion* is now a family paper, it was established three generations ago for the express purpose of furnishing what did not then exist; namely, reading-matter for the young, that should entertain, educate, and inspire them. Since then others have seen the broad field of opportunity, and many have entered it, so that to-day "juveniles" form an important part of the publishing business in America. What sort

of things are the modern "juveniles," and what are they doing for those who read them?

At a recent Publishers' Convention in New York the most important speech of the day was confined to this topic. Although the speaker is himself a member of a great publishing house, he told his hearers quite frankly that many of the present-day books for young readers distort facts and fail to teach clear thinking; that in others the hero wins his point by lying or cheap trickery; in some the children are always right and their parents invariably wrong; the teacher is a butt for ridicule, and there is no respect for learning. In many the English is bad: in others cruel or thoughtless mischief is encouraged.

Now the child, as this publisher truthfully said, is the bookseller's best asset. The juvenile readers of to-day are the adult readers of to-morrow. What are they likely to read to-morrow if to-day they are fed upon the kind of mental pap or poison that the speaker at the publishers' dinner described? Is it likely to be books of travel, history, biography, science, and the kind of fiction that is really literature?

The question is of interest to every publisher; but it is of peculiar interest to us, for it has been the study of this office for more than three-quarters of a century.

One solution of it, and that the easiest, is the publication of thoroughly good reading for the young. It is worthy of the highest commendation, but to us it has seemed, although the easiest, yet not finally the most satisfactory. To make thoroughly good reading for all seems to us better, for that associates young and old and leads to a closer family life. That is why *The Companion* is a paper for the whole family, instead of being, as it was at first, a paper for the young.

The publisher who spoke in New York argued that to accustom young readers to good literature now will make them permanent customers in the future. He is right. We know because we have tried it. Our juvenile-readers of fifty years ago come into the office to-day with gray beards, and renew their subscriptions for themselves.—*The Youth's Companion*.

The editor has a word to add on this subject. It is very desirable that the *best* books both for young and old ought not to be allowed to go out of print, yet constantly we are seeking for some book that is a classic or ought to be, and are told, "Oh, no; that is out of print!" It seems worth while to

mention the names of some of these, for, although we cannot obtain them at present, if enough desire a republication it might be accomplished.

1. "Franklin, the Apprentice Boy," by Jacob Abbott, published a good while ago by Harper & Brothers, New York. This is one of the best books for boys that was ever written, wholesome in its influence, but not too moralizing in its tone. One of the best things about it is the sane and sensible manner in which it speaks of the American Revolution, showing the injustice of regarding the English as oppressors, and the folly of keeping up a spirit of resentment against them. It says (I quote from memory): "It is best to put the separation on the ground that, when a country is large enough and intelligent enough and strong enough to govern itself, it is better that it should be independent. The particular quarrels and disputes which led to the separation are of no consequence now."

2. Lynde Palmer's books. These are among the most charming books for young people that have ever been written,—*"Drifting and Steering," "One Day's Weaving," "John-Jack," "Archie's Shadow," "Jeanette's Cisterns."* They are as entertaining as the best novel. The writer has the remarkable gift of combining religious and moral influence with an amusing and interesting style. These are all out of print.

3. *"The Disturbing Element,"* by Miss Yonge. Of all the delightful stories for young girls by this author this is one of the best. It cannot be obtained now anywhere, and is not on MacMillan's list.

Perhaps if several hundred persons would demand these books at once, we might succeed in having them republished.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

"OLD ABE," THE WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS' WAR EAGLE.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may be appropriately introduced here some brief mention of a pet, who, from being "the pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle; for the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of the regiment

on the march, and in battle, and all through the war, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield, which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to carry or even to handle him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, however, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all regiments along the line of march cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce, and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. On some such occasions he would be gone two or three days at a time, during which nothing was seen of him; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment not the slightest concern; for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away in the quest of food, he would be quite sure to find them again.

In what way he distinguished the two hostile armies so accurately that he was never once known to mistake the gray for the blue, no one can tell. But so it was, that he was never known to alight save in his own camp and amongst his own men.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest part of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air, and remained there from early morning until the fight closed at night, having, no doubt, greatly enjoyed his bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls that it looked on top as if a groove plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial celebration held in Philadelphia, in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place on his perch on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural Building. He was still alive, though evidently growing old, and was the observed of all observers. Thousands of visitors, from all sections of the country, paid their respects to the grand old bird, who, apparently conscious of the honors conferred upon him, overlooked the

sale of his biography and photographs going on beneath his perch with entire satisfaction.

As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the Capitol of Michigan in 1881.—"*The War Eagle and Other Soldiers' Pets*," by Harry M. Kieffer, in "*The Out-of-Door Book*."

NOBLE LIVES.

VIII.

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

Just seventy years ago there appeared in the city of St. Louis a minister, twenty-three years old, whose subsequent career was sufficiently remarkable to make it fitting that it should be written down. Of New England birth, but reared in Washington, D.C., he returned, as maturity approached, to New England to complete his education. Then, fresh from the Harvard Divinity School, he took up his life-work as the first exponent of the Unitarian views west of the Mississippi. Through both father and mother he came of honorable lineage; his brothers and sisters were persons useful and distinguished; his own career from the first was worthy of such antecedents and relationships.

Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot was for thirty-nine years pastor of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis, a pastorate remarkably successful. Aside from his ministrations to his flock, he made his influence felt in the community in many ways. Few projects of moment, having in view the elevation of society, could in that time be named, of which he was not the originator or an effective helper from the start. He was the friend of the poor and oppressed of every land and complexion, in particular of the negro. Under slavery he mitigated, so far as his great influence extended, the hard lot of the blacks. Though having no part with the extremists who declared the Constitution of the United States to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he was actively anti-slavery, and from the outbreak of the Civil War was zealously loyal. In the Western Sanitary Commission, which came into existence through his suggestion, he was always a leader in collecting and applying the millions which flowed through its channels to the relief of the soldiers in the field. His youngest brother, a gallant officer, was killed at Chancellorsville at the head of his men. His brother Thomas, in Congress,

became conspicuous for wisdom and ability in the difficult time of reconstruction. William, in Missouri, played a part not less honorable and important in carrying through the struggle and in bringing to pass afterward a proper settlement. Lincoln and his cabinet officers and generals received his advice with respect.

In particular, Dr. Eliot's interest was great in education. The first free school west of the Mississippi was begun under his direction, and no one deserves more than he to be regarded as the father of the public school system in Missouri. Washington University, a cluster of educational institutions conceived after the broadest standards, containing at the present moment thousands of pupils, provided with structures among the finest in the world, and possessing an endowment of several millions, came into existence through the efforts of the group of men of whom Dr. Eliot was the centre and inspiration. He was president of the board of directors of Washington University from its establishment; and in 1873, having resigned his pastorate, he became its chancellor. Henceforth, until his strength failed, he gave himself up mainly to the direction of the institution, showing always a rare wisdom and devotedness. Dr. Eliot was perhaps over-ready to sacrifice the interests of individuals in furthering the welfare of institutions, but he always laid himself first upon the altar. Full himself of the spirit of self-sacrifice, he demanded it from others, and remarkable indeed was the consecration to high ends of means and energies brought to pass through incitements proceeding from him. In particular he was zealous for his university. If it stands to-day magnificently appointed, abounding in endowments, sought by thousands of pupils, a culmination of sweetness and light, let not the man be forgotten who laid its corner-stone and watched over its small beginnings. Of all the worthies of early New England not one possesses so brilliant and desirable a fame as the young minister who, by a bequest of £400 and his library of two hundred and sixty volumes to a school struggling into life, associated his name forever with our proudest seat of learning. What John Harvard did for Cambridge bears no comparison with what William G. Eliot did for Washington University. The moneyed gift of the latter was much more than fifty-fold that of the early dying Charles-town pastor, even measured by the changed standards of the present day; and there was, besides, the faithful service during the period of a generation. The present writer re-

members hearing General W. T. Sherman, for many years the friend of Dr. Eliot, and cognizant of his great work, express regret that the university did not bear his name. Others have felt the same regret. It would be at any rate the height of injustice if his service to it were overlaid and forgotten; and it is a subject for rejoicing that the detailed story of his work for Washington University, as also of his other work, now at last finds a proper presentment in the excellent book which follows.

Dr. Eliot was a man of quite unusual versatility. He attained eminence as a preacher and educational organizer. The fine literary finish of everything he wrote makes it certain that, had he so chosen, he might have succeeded as an author. In affairs he was full of enterprise and possessed excellent judgment. "If I could have had Dr. Eliot for a partner," said an able man of business once, "we should have made most of the money west of the Alleghanies." He possessed, moreover, a certain firmness of will, quickness of perception, self-reliance and balance, that no circumstances could disturb, and, withal, a dauntless courage which, had fate so willed it, might have made him a brilliant soldier.

Dr. Eliot was short of stature and of delicate frame. For many years his work was done in the midst of constant suffering. The contrast was almost pathetic between the smallness of his physical resources and the magnitude of the enterprises which he dared to undertake. But there was no inadequacy. His conquering spirit sustained and supplemented everywhere his feeble body. Every important work to which he put his hand was carried through to success. This activity, so long continued, so effective, so beneficent, has long waited for its record. Now that the record appears, it should meet with a warm welcome.—*James K. Hosmer, Introduction to "William Greenleaf Eliot," by Charlotte C. Eliot.*

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

The time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,

Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

May the good God and Father of all help
you lead the life of Jesus these holidays.
That life was written in the one sentence,
"He went about doing good."

Be sweet-tempered. Beware that you do
not lose the spirit of the Christ-child in worry
about many things. The best gift is the
Christ-spirit. Be forgiving to everybody.
Help those who need help the most: Help
them to help themselves. Help them to
resist temptations. Don't give gifts that
will make the receiver worse. Forget self
in doing your best to bless others, especially
the more neglected and friendless.

Remember Jesus said, "It is more blessed
to give than to receive." And he also said,
"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of
these, ye did it unto Me."

WHERE DO OUR BIRDS WINTER?

The robin in winter is sometimes seen in
the latitude of St. Louis. He goes south-
ward as far as into Eastern Mexico.

Sometimes the meadow-lark may be seen
in Northern Illinois during cold weather,
but he is very plentiful then in the Southern
States. Long before severe frosts come, the
orioles and bobolinks hie them south, and
do not return until grass and leaves are
expanding. Blackbirds also throng the
Southern States, and some of them go as
far as the tablelands of Mexico.

Of that numerous family, the warblers,
the black-throated blue warbler winters in
Florida, while the yellow-throat and the palm

warbler have been found to winter in South-
ern Illinois.

The catbird goes as far south as Panama
and Cuba, and the mocking-bird stays largely
in the Southern States, although it sometimes
goes to the Antilles and the Bahamas during
the winter.

The swallows are to be found in Florida,
and the purple martins in Mexico; the ruby
throat flies among the orange groves of
Florida, while the whip-poor-will may be
found as far southward as Guatemala.

The thrashers and the wrens do not go
as far south as some other birds. The wood
thrush winters in Guatemala, the hermit
thrush along the Gulf Coast, and the cuckoo
passes to the highlands of Mexico.

The rose-breasted grosbeak visits Cuba,
the indigo bunting reaches Southern Mexico,
the golden plover flies as far as Patagonia,
while the upland plover makes itself at home
in Brazil or Peru.

The more brilliant the plumage of a bird,
the farther south it migrates, and even those
birds which are the most resident—like the
jay, the grouse, and the quail—move in
winter to a milder climate.—*Golden Days*.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too deep for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.
—James Russell Lowell.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Many elements mix in the Christmas of the present, partly, no doubt, under the form of vague and obscure sentiment, partly as time-honored reminiscences, partly as a portion of our own life. But there is one phase of poetry which we enjoy more fully than any previous age. That is music. Music is of all the arts the youngest, and of all can free herself most readily from symbols. A fine piece of music moves before us like a living passion, which needs no form or color, no interpreting associations, to convey its strong but distinct significance. Each man there finds his soul revealed to him, and enabled to assume a cast of feeling in obedience to the changeful sound. In this manner all our Christmas thoughts and emotions have been gathered up for us by Handel in his drama of the "Messiah." To Englishmen it is almost as well known and necessary as the Bible. But only one who has heard its pastoral episode performed year after year from childhood in the hushed cathedral, where pendent lamps or sconces make the gloom of aisle and choir and airy column half intelligible, can invest this music with long associations of accumulated awe. To his mind it brings a scene at midnight of hills clear in the starlight of the East, with white flocks scattered on the down. The breath of winds that come and go, the bleating of the sheep, with now and then the voice of an awakened shepherd, is all that breaks the deep repose. Overhead shimmer the bright stars, and low to west lies the moon, not pale and sickly (he dreams) as in our North, but golden, full, and bathing distant towers and tall ærial palms with floods of light. Such is a child's vision, begotten by the music of the symphony; and, when he wakes from trance at its low silver close, the dark cathedral seems glowing with a thousand angel faces, and all the air is tremulous with angel wings. Then follow the solitary treble voice and the swift chorus.—John Addington Symonds.

Saint Francis of Assisi desired that, in memory of the humble witnesses of our Saviour's birth, they should give all the oxen and asses better provender than usual on that festival. He carried this idea still further in imagination. "If I can speak to the Emperor," he said, "I will beg him to make a universal edict, obliging all those who have the means to spread corn and grain along the roads, that the birds, especially our sisters, the larks, should have a feast."—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

Stir up the fire, and bring the Yule-log in,
And let the blaze roar welcome, while with-
out
The grand old day is hailed with song and
shout;
And let us hope in all this festive din,
Mercy shall now a glorious victory win,
And self and meanness find inglorious route.
On wintry winds I fling this banner out:
Good will to all as God doth pardon sin.
Let the poor laugh for once in all their lives,
Let pinched-up faces wear for once a smile,
Let him who after gain so fiercely strives
Forget his master-passion and beguile
This sacred, merry, joy-inspiring day
With generous words and deeds—love's
roundelay.
—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

It is the time of year when, if ever, the spirit of kindness and good-will toward all life's children should have sway among us. The remembrance of the lowly birth in Bethlehem where, with the wondering eyes upon him of the patient beasts, sheltered as humbly as he, the highest and holiest of our race was born, must move us anew to feel the beauty of a life crowded from dawn till dark with gentle words, and characterized by a compassion as boundless as the heart of the Eternal.

His spirit is the Christmas spirit. It can live in us without increasingly determining our varied relationships to the life that at every point touches ours, whether it be the life in the human realm or below it. Indifference to the sufferings or welfare of any of the creatures of that gracious care that enfolds us all is a reproach to the nature we bear. If a sparrow's weal is not beneath the thought of the Infinite, if "The All-wise is the All-loving, too," then, until something of this vast love possesses us, we have entered into little sympathy with that spirit out of which the world's first Christmas came.

May there come with the celebration of

the approaching day a new tide of that spirit before which, soon or late, all cruelty, strife, and war must own themselves forever vanquished. Recalling that best of Christmas carols, and thinking of all who read these words, we say with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."—*F. R. H.*

During the year 1912 a series of articles by George Wharton James has been coming out in *Our Dumb Animals*. These articles are called "Love's Power over Wild Animals." Nothing more interesting or charming could be found to send either to invalids or to young people. The editor hopes that those who have not already done so will send for the papers that contain these fascinating stories. Address, *Our Dumb Animals*, 45 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. The price of each paper, 10 cents. *L. F. C.*

After the middle of December the address of Mrs. M. L. Daniel will be changed back to Farmville, Virginia.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHRISTMAS PL.

A Very Old English Recipe.

Vige notu lal, slet eh mowh hout endiest
Yam nacche ot eb on rothe nam tub Strich
Kichrer.

—*Youth's Companion.*

II.

BEHEADMENTS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behead and curtail nine five-letter words, leaving three-letter words, the middle letters of which in their order will spell the name of a festival.

1. Contests in running; a unit.
2. Pertaining to the ash-tree; a pronoun.
3. A deciduous, coniferous tree; a portion of a curved line.
4. To dwell; to invite.
5. The lowest part in music; a quadruped of the horse kind.

6. To provide food; preterite of eat.
7. To suspend proceedings from doubt; a large Australian bird.
8. A table to put food upon; an implement for propelling a boat.
9. Full of gas; a stupid fellow.

III.

HIDDEN INVENTORS.

1. How eagerly the school-boy looks forward to a holiday.
2. The heart that is really good yearns for opportunity to forgive.
3. It was so cold that near the doorstep hens on their nests froze to death.
4. The spectacle was regal. I, Leo, and Otto enjoyed it together.
5. The quilt on my bed is one that took the prize at a county fair.
6. He was as good a general as the other, every whit; Ney, the marshal, acknowledged it himself.
7. I am very grateful to-night that the storm has ceased.
8. I bought the very finest horse I saw at the stable.
9. To be sure that the wall was perfectly plumb, ells of line were used in building it.
10. The memory of the picture we were looking at lingers with me still.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Answers to puzzles in the November number.

I. A THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Grandpa, grandmother, father, mother, baby, Roger, Nelson, turkey, cranberry-sauce, celery, turnip, beet, pudding, sauce, pies, mince, pumpkin, sweet cider, candy, apples, nuts, raisins, pears, grapes, grandmother.

II. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—1. John Paul Jones. 2. Giuseppe Garibaldi. 3. Charles Robert Darwin. 4. Thaddeus Kosciuszko. 5. Bartolomé Estéban Murillo.

III. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

HAMILTON
SAVANNAH
BERKELEY
LABRADOR
SHERIDAN
GARRISON
NAPOLEON
MARATHON
JEFFREYS
PHILIPPI
LEVERETT
BRUMMELL
ETHELRED

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* will be held Friday, December 6, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

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